

"S'Matter, Pop?"

(REVIEWS)

By C. M. Payne



The Jarr Family

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Mr. Jarr Finds the True Artistic Temperament.

"YOU don't remember me, Mr. Jarr?" said a rather overdressed young man as Mr. Jarr stopped by the window of a neighboring drug store to watch a shabby man sitting therein and hacking at a stick of wood with a razor.

"Why, no," replied Mr. Jarr. "You have the advantage of me."

The young man thereupon produced an aluminum card case, from which he selected a printed card that bore the legend:

SIDNEY SLAVIN.
Booked in "The Big Time" as
"The Funny Maginich."
Featuring Blotch & Bloomer's
Ragtime Riot,
"The Gay Gorilla Gilder."

"That doesn't wise you?" asked the young man as Mr. Jarr puzzled over the card. "You don't get me at all?"

Mr. Jarr fumbled with the bit of pasteboard and tried to remember.

"Don't fold the card, please," said the young man. "It puts 'em on the bum. And now you've read it, you don't need it. So please let me have it back."

He rubbed the card with his handkerchief and returned it to the aluminum case.

"The cost fifty cents a hundred with the holder," he added, "and if a guy gets them back every time he can a hundred will last the season."

"You're Mr. Slavich's oldest boy, aren't you?" asked Mr. Jarr, noting now, besides the trait of thrift, a certain family resemblance to the neighborhood glazier.

"Yes, but the old girl will be a greenhorn till the last and rite," said the young man.

He was looking through the cards with a critical glance.

"You see," he added, explaining his solicitude, "I keep the clean ones underneath, for a guy has to be careful not to slip a live wire a moniker broad that needs dry cleaning. The mussy ones will get over where a boob doesn't know that a refined party's card ought to look clean. And I leave you one of the under ones by mistake."

"You are on the stage, I understand," said Mr. Jarr, accepting his classification without blinking. "You're singing at the nickelodeon down the street, I heard."

"Yep, I'm playing small time to oblige a friend because I pull business on account of being a local favorite," said the young man.

"I know this jobline in here," he continued, tapping at the window with his cane where the shabby man was now turning a sign that read, "I Will Now

Making the Best of Yourself

By Eleanor Clapp

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HOW NOT TO DRESS.

"WHY good looking women persist in making themselves as ugly as they can is something I never could understand," said an artist friend to me recently.

"I thought it was the other way," I replied thoughtlessly. "Don't they usually spend all the money of husband or father that they can lay hands on in buying clothes and fall-lals to make them look pretty?"

My friend regarded me scornfully; and, without speaking a word, pointed at a woman who was walking in front of us. I looked at her—one look was enough. She had a shape that strongly inclined to what some people politely call "embonpoint." It was encased in a short jacket and a very tight skirt, fitted so closely that her figure formed a series of ugly bulges. And to cap the climax a huge hat was worn so far down on her head that it made her look as if she did not possess such a thing as a neck.

As we passed them I noticed that her companion was a pale, anaemic girl wearing a bright purple hat and dress that made her skin look sallow and withered.

I also said nothing. This object lesson was enough. In my heart I agreed thoroughly with my friend.

Now, while some women are born with a "feeling" for dress, just as a great artist is born with a feeling for color, and seem to know by instinct exactly what suits them, the great majority lack this happy faculty. Every woman can make the best of the worst of herself according to the amount of thought and intelligence she expends on the subject.

Looking pretty well or even well dressed, for that matter, depends to a

Fellowship.

By the red blood in an artery.
Or the blue blood in a vein—
By the brute strength in a muscle
Or the gray cells in a brain—
We are prone to sit in judgment
On the passing caravan,
And denigrate some mortal
In the coterie—a man.

But there is another standard.
Taught by Him who preached of old,
And it is not based on talents,
Nor subservient to gold;
And it binds poor humans closer
In its sympathetic strain.
That the red blood in an artery,
Or the blue blood in a vein!

—Ralph M. Thomson in Independent.

much greater extent than is usually imagined on knowing just how to do it. We all possess certain beauties of face and figure that may be developed or not, as we choose.

If you really want to make the best of yourself, make a friend of your mirror and don't be afraid to look it square in the face. Criticize yourself as if you were a stranger. This is not vanity; it is only common sense. Recognize your defects, but do not let them depress you. Set to work sensibly to discover just what you can do to remedy them.

Is your face too fat? A suitable coiffure will make it look much thinner and more refined. Are your outlines too meagre? There are certain styles you must avoid while others will prove most becoming. Is your complexion inclined to be sallow? Always wear the right color and your face will look rosier—and so it goes.

It is the aim of these articles to give a little much needed help to the woman who is trying to make the best of herself.

Sizing Up the Nations' Armies.



THE soldiers in the accompanying diagram from the Sphere have been drawn on a scale of 400,000 men to the inch; to picture the strength (in regulars and reserves) of the various great nations' armies.

Since the diagram was drawn Italy has greatly increased her army, so that now it exceeds that of Great Britain in force of numbers. Otherwise the fol-

lowing figures are practically correct up to the present hour:

Germany's total force is 1,881,000 men; Russia's 1,500,000 (the fact that Germany's army, number 1,200,000 to Russia's 700,000 gives the former nation a certain supremacy in enumeration); France, 1,570,000; Austria, 901,000; England, 735,000; Italy (before the recent increase), 645,000; Japan, 510,000; China,

500,000; and the United States, 195,000. The United States total is made up of 80,000 regulars and 115,000 militiamen.

In the extraordinary completeness of organization, &c., Germany is said to excel, while France's artillery service is regarded as perhaps the best on earth. Our own army is said to have increased in size proportionately during the past twenty years more rapidly than that of any European nation.

Fables of Everyday Folks

By Sophie Irene Loeb

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THE HUMAN SPONGE.

TO start from about the SAME basis, and as things progress they move off here and there in different directions. Some fall victims to arrested development, and become clams, others are LOBSTERS."

Thus in the process of life some evolve more than others, according to that which they reach out to GET and GIVE.

But this human sponge man, too, reached out to get all he could; but gave NOTHING. Oh, yes, he gave something—his company and his criticism. But therein lies the fable.

For instance, he was possessed of a little income which some relative had left him, and he was always complaining that it was not ENOUGH. He would be invited to a musical evening, would go into raptures as to the heavenly strains, the perfect technique, etc., but would confide to a friend "how bored he had been."

He would call on his lady acquaintances, ENJOY their comfortable parlors, meet their friends—yet he would never think of inviting THEM to an evening that HE might give.

He would spend a pleasant evening at a little card party or a dance, encourage the ATTENTION of one particular young woman perhaps for the whole evening; yet at the homegoing time he would hurriedly bid his hostess good-by and depart ALONE; perchance for fear of a cab fee.

Of course he could go on in this way, for he knew how to protect the eleventh commandment, "Thou shalt not be found out," which is an absorbing quality of the sponge.

One Society Thursday he went to a dinner party, his hostess being a new acquaintance.

As usual, he departed quickly—with his company and his CRITICISM. It wasn't kindly criticism. But this time his criticism did not fall on deaf ears. The eleventh commandment was broken. He was called to ACCOUNT by the man to whom he made the criticism.

The credit side of the ledger stopped figuring and he figured up very SMALL in the process—very small indeed. For once at least he saw himself as OTHERS saw him. For once he faced a MAN'S man. For man wants but little here below, but wants that little MANLY.

His name became lost on some of the visiting lists. Perhaps he learned a lesson and REVOLVED a point from the sponge stage.

MORAL: A HUMAN SPONGE MAY DEPART WITH HIS COMPANY, BUT SHOULD KEEP HIS CRITICISM.

"ME--SMITH"

Biggest Cowboy Story Since "The Virginian"

By Caroline Lockhart

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Smith, a white man, who always refers to himself as "Me-Smith," comes to a ranch in a square, the widow of a white man named McArthur. The square's half-bred daughter, Suse, is a very beautiful girl. Smith, a white man, who always refers to himself as "Me-Smith," comes to a ranch in a square, the widow of a white man named McArthur. The square's half-bred daughter, Suse, is a very beautiful girl. Smith, a white man, who always refers to himself as "Me-Smith," comes to a ranch in a square, the widow of a white man named McArthur. The square's half-bred daughter, Suse, is a very beautiful girl.

CHAPTER V.

Smith and the Schoolmarm.

"WHITE ANTELOPE is dead in a gulch!" cried his accusers. "He is shot to pieces—here, there, everywhere!"

A murmur of angry amazement arose. White Antelope, the kindly, peaceable Cree, who had not an enemy in the reservation!

"This is dreadful!" declared McArthur. "Believe me—he turned to them all! I had but found the corpse myself when these men rode up. The Indian was cold; he certainly had been dead for hours. Besides," he demanded, "what possible motive could I have?"

Smith, as if he were a little boy, looked at the speaker as if he needed a motive. "The sneering voice was Smith's."

"But you, sir, met us on the hill. You know the direction from which we came."

"It's easy enough to circle," cried McArthur. "But why should I go back?"

"They say there's that that draws folks back for another look!"

Smith's insinuations, the stand he took, his effect upon the Indian who, for revenge, needed only this to confirm their suspicions. One of the Indians on horseback began to uncoil his rawhide lasso-ropes. All save McArthur understood the significance of the action. They meant to tie him hand and foot and take him to the Agency, with blows and insults plentiful on road.

They edged closer to him, every savage instinct uppermost, their faces dark and menacing. McArthur, his eyes sweeping the circle, felt that he had not one friend, not one, in the matter. A threatening crowd fast closing in upon him. For Tubbs, hearing himself indirectly included in the accusation, had discreetly, and with perceptible haste, withdrawn.

The Indian swung from his saddle, rope in hand, and advanced upon McArthur with unmistakable purpose; but he did not reach the little schoolmarm, whose eyes darted from the circle, her flashing eyes looking more curiously at variance than ever with her tawny skin.

"No, no, Running Rabbit!" she cried, her hand gently backward with her finger-tips upon his chest.

There was a murmur of protest from the crowd, and it seemed to sting her like a spur. Suse was not accustomed to disapproval. She turned to where the murmurs came loudest—from the white grub-liners, who were eager for excitement.

"Who are you?" she cried, "that you should be so quick to accuse this stranger? You, Arkansaw Red, that skipped from Kansas for killing a nigger? You, Jim Paden, that shot a sheepherder in cold blood? You, Banjo Johnson, that's hidin' out this minute? Don't you all be so darned anxious to hang another man, when there's a rope waitin' somewhere for your own necks!"

"And lemme tell you," she took a step toward them. "The man that lifts a finger to take this bug-hunter to the Agency can take his blankets along at the same time, for there'll never be a bunk or a seat at the table for him on this ranch as long as he lives. Where's your proof, against this bug-hunter? You can't drag a man off without something against him—just because you want to hang somebody!"

Some sound from Smith attracted her attention; she wheeled upon him, and, with her thin arm outstretched as she pointed at him in scorn, she cried shrilly:

"Why, I'd sooner think you did it, than him!"

There was not so much as the flicker of an eyelid from Smith.

"I know you'd sooner think I did it than him," he said, playing upon the word. "You'd like to see me get my neck stretched!"

His bravado, his very insolence, was his protection.

"And maybe I'll have the chance!" she retorted furiously.

Turning from him to the Indians, her voice dropped; she spoke in undertone, as she spoke to them in their own tongue. Like many half-breeds, Suse seldom admitted that she either understood or could speak the Indian language. She had an amusing fashion of referring even to her relatives as "those Indians," but now, with hands outstretched, she pleaded:

"We are all Indians together in this—friends of White Antelope! Our hearts

are down; they are heavy—so. You all know that he came from the great Cree country with my father, and he has told us many times stories of the big north woods, where they hunted and trapped. You know how he watched me when I was little, and sat with his hand upon my head when I had the big fever. He was like no one else to me except my father. He was wise and good."

"I could kill with my own hand the man who killed White Antelope. I want his blood as much as you. I'd like to see a stake driven through his black heart on White Antelope's grave. But let us not be too quick because the hate is hot in us. My heart tells me that the white man talks straight. Let us wait—wait until we find the right one, and when we do we will punish in our own way. You hear? In our own way!"

Smith understood, something of her plan, and for the second time he paid her homage to her courage.

"She's a game kid all right," he said to himself, and a half-formed plan for utilizing her gameness began to take definite shape.

That she had won he knew before Running Rabbit recoiled his rope. After a moment's talk among themselves, the Indians went to hitch the horses to the wagon to bring White Antelope's body home.

Smith was well aware that he had only to point to the saddle blanket, the barest edge of which showed beneath the leather skirts of McArthur's saddle, to make Suse's impassioned defense in vain. Why he did not he was not himself sure. Perhaps it was because he liked the feeling of power, of knowing that he held the life of the despised bug-hunter in the hollow of his hand; or perhaps it was because it would serve the purpose better to make the accusation later.

One thing was certain, however, and that was that he had not held his tongue through any consideration for McArthur.

CHAPTER VI.
The Great Secret.

IT was the day they buried White Antelope that Smith approached Yellow Bird, a Piegian, who was among the Indians paying visits of indefinite length to the McArthur ranch.

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Betty Vincent's Advice to Lovers

"Sidewalk Etiquette."

MANY of you write to me asking questions which have to do with what I may call "sidewalk etiquette." There are not a large number of rules connected with this, but there are some which are generally observed. I am going to give you a few of the most important.

When walking with a lady or ladies, a gentleman always takes the side next to the curb.

It is not now customary for a lady to take a gentleman's arm when walking in the street, unless the pavement is icy or uneven enough to make walking difficult.

A gentleman should be careful not to hurry ahead of a lady at crossings, as it is there that his assistance may be valuable.

When a lady and gentleman meet on the street, the lady looks first, to indicate whether or not she wishes to recognize him.

"P. P." writes: "I have proposed to a girl twice and she has refused me. Shall I ask her again?"

It would do no harm. Persistence sometimes wins.

"B. L." writes: "For two months a young man paid me attention, and then two Sunday evenings in succession called on another girl. Which of us do you think he cares for?"

He is probably just good friends with you both.

"S. S." writes: "My only objection to my fiancée is that when I reproach her for being childish she becomes indignant and will not speak for some minutes. How shall I correct her of this habit?"

You'd better correct yourself and stop teasing her.

"T. H." writes: "I quarrelled with one young man and am now engaged to another. But the first tells his friends the still cares for me. Do you think I should give up the second and try to win back the first?"

Not if you love the man to whom you are now engaged? If you don't love him, don't marry him. Your love must be the deciding factor.

Schooldays Find "Patches" and Follow the String!

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By Dwig

